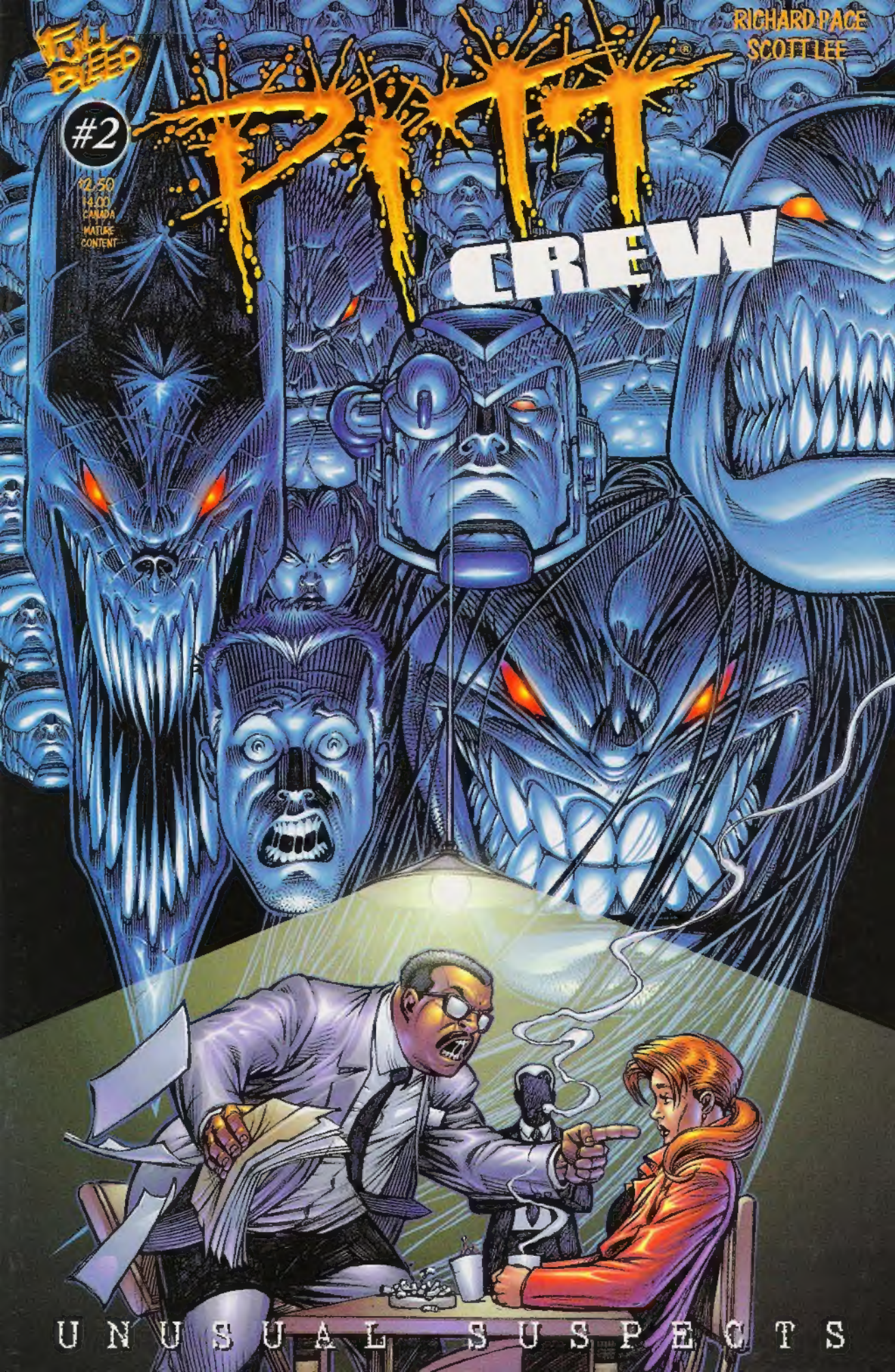

FULL BLEED
#2
$2.50
$4.00
CANADA
MATURE CONTENT
RICHARD PACE
SCOTT LEE
PITT
CREW
UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

PITT® CREW #2

UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

FULL BLEED™ STUDIOS

CREATED BY DALE KEOWN

PENCILS	SCOTT LEE
PLOT / SCRIPT	RICHARD PACE
COLORS	DEAN WHITE ELIZABETH LEWIS JOSHUA MYERS
COVER	DALE KEOWN
PRODUCTION COORDINATION	NICOLA VAUGHAN
SCRIPT ASSIST; LETTERING	

Film Output - KELL-O-GRAPHICS

Printed by- IMPRIMERIE QUEBECOR

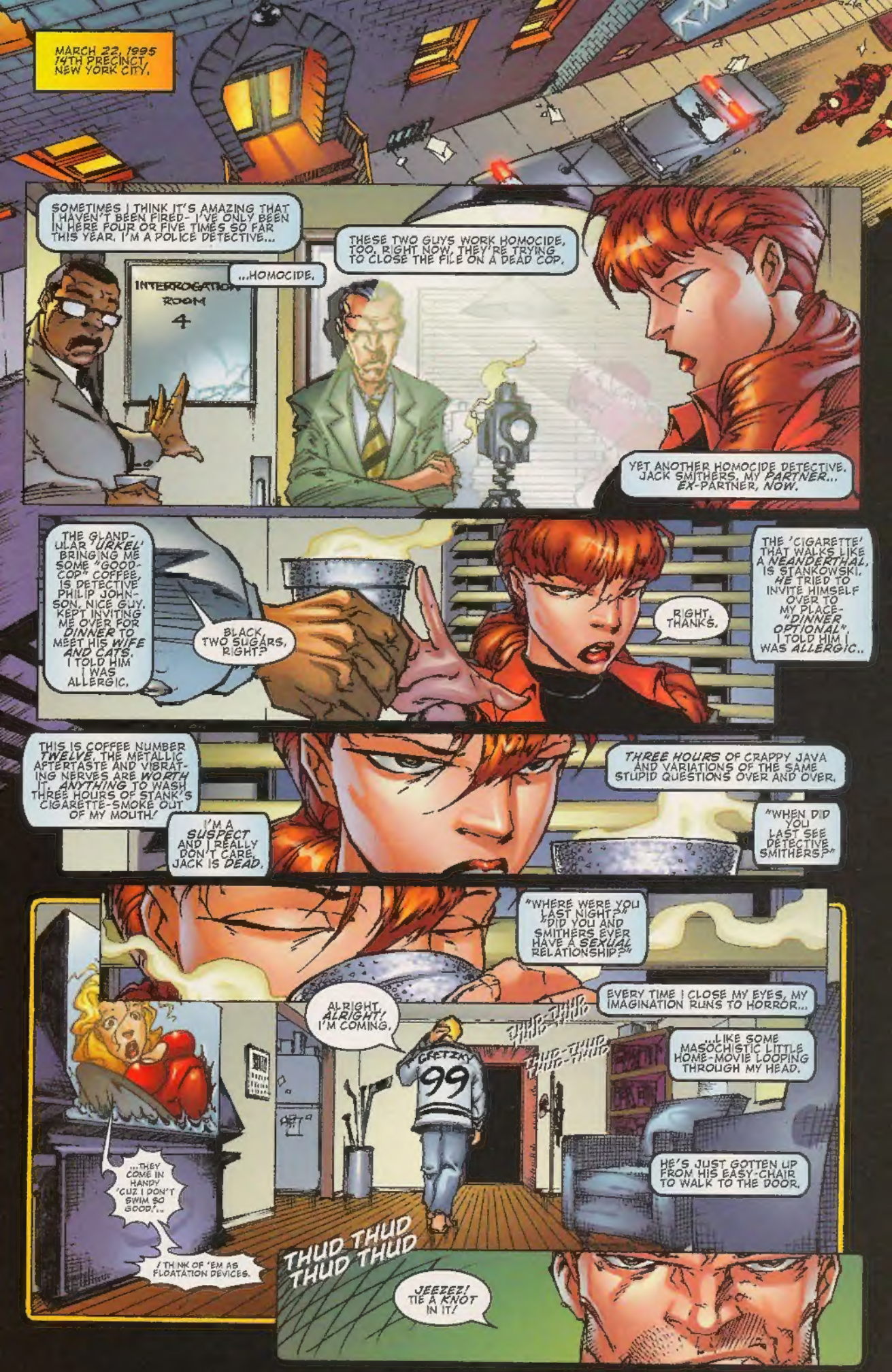
LOGO CHANCE WOLF

THE SCOOP

NEW YORK'S POLICE DETECTIVE BOBBIE HARRAS, KNOWN BY THE SECRET GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION, AXIOM, AS "RAI-KEE", HAS FOUND HERSELF IN SERIOUS HOT WATER AS SHE'S GRILLED BY HER OWN COLLEAGUES ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE- AND MURDER- OF HER PARTNER, JACK SMITHERS.

PITT® Crew Vol. 1, #2. November, 1998. First Printing. Full Bleed Studios. $2.50 U.S. / $4.00 in Canada. PITT®, ZOYVOD™, & all other prominent characters and their distinctive likeness are registered trademark, and Copyright © Dale Keown 1995, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The entire contents of this book are registered trademark and Copyright© Dale Keown 1998. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of Dale Keown. WILDCARDE1
PRINTED IN CANADA

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline


MARCH 22, 1995
14TH PRECINCT,
NEW YORK CITY.
SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S AMAZING THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN FIRED- I'VE ONLY BEEN IN HERE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES SO FAR THIS YEAR. I'M A POLICE DETECTIVE...
...HOMOCIDE.
INTERROGATION ROOM 4
THESE TWO GUYS WORK HOMOCIDE, TOO. RIGHT NOW, THEY'RE TRYING TO CLOSE THE FILE ON A DEAD COP.
YET ANOTHER HOMOCIDE DETECTIVE. JACK SMITHERS. MY PARTNER... EX-PARTNER, NOW.
THE GLANDULAR 'URKEL' BRINGING ME SOME "GOOD-COP" COFFEE, IS DETECTIVE PHILIP JOHNSON. NICE GUY. KEPT INVITING ME OVER FOR DINNER TO MEET HIS WIFE AND CATS. I TOLD HIM I WAS ALLERGIC.
BLACK, TWO SUGARS, RIGHT?
RIGHT, THANKS.
THE 'CIGARETTE' THAT WALKS LIKE A NEANDERTHAL, IS STANKOWSKI. HE TRIED TO INVITE HIMSELF OVER TO MY PLACE- "DINNER OPTIONAL", I TOLD HIM. I WAS ALLERGIC..
THIS IS COFFEE NUMBER TWELVE. THE METALLIC AFTERTASTE AND VIBRATING NERVES ARE WORTH IT. ANYTHING TO WASH THREE HOURS OF STANK'S CIGARETTE-SMOKE OUT OF MY MOUTH!
I'M A SUSPECT AND I REALLY DON'T CARE. JACK IS DEAD.
THREE HOURS OF CRAPPY JAVA AND VARIATIONS OF THE SAME STUPID QUESTIONS OVER AND OVER.
"WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE DETECTIVE SMITHERS?"
"WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?" "DID YOU AND SMITHERS EVER HAVE A SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP?"
EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES, MY IMAGINATION RUNS TO HORROR...
...LIKE SOME MASOCHISTIC LITTLE HOME-MOVIE LOOPING THROUGH MY HEAD.
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! I'M COMING.
GRETZKY 99
THUD-THUD
THUD-THUD
HE'S JUST GOTTEN UP FROM HIS EASY-CHAIR TO WALK TO THE DOOR.
...THEY COME IN HANDY 'CUZ I DON'T SWIM SO GOOD!...
I THINK OF 'EM AS FLOATATION DEVICES.
THUD THUD
THUD THUD
JEEZEZ! TIE A KNOT IN IT!

I'M SURE *PITT* DIDN'T KILL JACK. THAT BIG PAIN IN THE ASS HAS BEEN IN SHIMMERSPACE FOR ALMOST THREE YEARS NOW...

...YET I ENVISION HIM TEARING JACK LIMB FROM LIMB...

...OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN MY MIND.

IT'S NOT THE CONTENT OF THESE VISIONS THAT TERRIFIES ME SO MUCH, IT'S THAT I'M *UNABLE* TO STOP THEM FROM RUNNING THROUGH MY BRAIN.

THE SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENCY I WORK FOR, *AXIOM*, CALLS ME *RAI-KEE* BECAUSE I HAVE A SPECIAL ABILITY THAT'S LIKE A SUPER-CHARGED VERSION OF THE CHINESE HEALING PROCESS, *REIKI*.

I CAN CONTROL THE BIOORGANIC ENERGIES OF MYSELF AND OTHERS.

BUT, RIGHT NOW, WITH ALL THESE DARK FANTASIES, I SEEM TO BE LOSING THAT CONTROL.

BOBBIE--

BOBBIE, ARE YOU O.K.?

I SNAP BACK FROM MY FUGUE IN TIME TO CATCH JOHNSON TURNING UP THE "I CARE" VOLUME ANOTHER NOTCH.

WE KNOW IT'S HARD FOR YOU TO DEAL WITH THIS, SO SOON AFTER HEARING ABOUT JACK, BUT THERE'S A COP-KILLER OUT THERE, BOBBIE, AND *YOU* KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS.

WE NEED TO *MOVE* ON WHATEVER LEADS WE CAN GET, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, SO-- *ANYTHING* YOU CAN TELL US... WELL, YOU KNOW...

TRANSLATION: WE THINK YOU'RE *INVOLVED*, AND WE WANT TO KEEP YOU *TALKING* 'TIL YOU REVEAL *HOW!*

LET'S *START* WITH WHEN YOU FIRST PARTNERED UP WITH JACK.

YOU TRANSFERRED HERE FROM THE CHICAGO FORCE BACK IN '92... UH...

OH, HERE WE GO.

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO *LOCATE* YOUR *CHICAGO P.D.* RECORDS. WE SHOULD'VE HAD COPIES OF THOSE ON FILE *BEFORE* YOU EVEN WORKED YOUR FIRST CASE HERE.

I LOOKED INTO THAT THIS MORNING BEFORE WE CALLED YOU IN.

AND YOU *WOULD* HAVE- IF *AXIOM* HAD LEFT A *PAPER TRAIL*.

THEY DON'T HAVE *ANY* LISTING FOR A BOBBIE HARRAS IN ANY EMPLOYMENT RECORDS.

BUT, HEY, IT'S A BUREAUCRACY, AND THINGS GET LOST...

SO, I SPOKE WITH A FEW OF THE HOMICIDE DICKS OUT THERE. DETECTIVE LARSEN REMEMBERED YOU.

I HATED L.A.! *EVERY* COP AND PERP WANTED TO BE AN *ACTOR*, OR HAD A *SCREENPLAY* TO SELL.

AND *THEY* HAVE NO RECORD OF YOU *EITHER*.

YOU WORKED THE FREAK SQUAD WITH HIM, CHASIN' DOWN ALL THE WEIRD HOMICIDES. HE SAID YOU WERE A GOOD COP.

HE *ALSO* SAID YOU'D TRANSFERRED TO CHICAGO FROM *L.A.*.

SO, I CHECKED WITH THE *L.A.P.D.*

LIAR. HE'S TRYING TO SCARE ME.
AND--?
NOTHING. JUST FACTS FOR THE RECORD.
GUYS, CAN WE CONTINUE?
AGAINST JACK'S WILL.
YOU FIRST WORKED WITH SMITHERS ON THE SUBWAY MONSTER CASE.
YOU SHOULD REMEMBER, PHIL, YOU WERE THERE.
THAT'S A NICE CHANGE FROM YOU SAYING I EAT TOO MUCH.
SMITHERS, I HOPE YOU CAN ADJUST TO A PARTNER WHO'S SMARTER AND BETTER LOOKING THAN YOU!
HEADS UP, LADIES THIS IS DETECTIVE BOBBIE HARRAS.
[* ISSUE #1]
FIRST, NOONE'S BETTER-LOOKIN' THAN ME!?
AN' SECOND, I HAVEN'T WORKED WITH A PARTNER SINCE CAMPELLA RETIRED, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO START NOW.
SHE'S GOT EXPERIENCE WITH ALL THE FREAKY CRAP, AN' YOU DON'T. SHE'S YOUR PARTNER, SMITHERS.
IT'S LIKE A MARRIAGE, JACK. YA DON'T HAVE TO LOVE EACH OTHER- JUST STAY TOGETHER 'TILL DEATH DO YOU PART"!
THE CHIEF TOLD ME ABOUT WHY HE FORCED SMITHERS TO WORK WITH YOU. HE SAID HE GOT A MEMO FROM THE COMMISSIONER TO ASSIGN YOU TO THIS CASE.
HOWEVER HE CAN'T FIND THE MEMO, AND THE COMMISIONER DENIES HAVING WRITTEN IT.
BACK WHEN PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH RAN AXIOM, HE WASN'T ABOVE USING BLACKMAIL TO GET WHAT HE WANTED.
IF THE COMMISH ADMITTED TO WRITING THE MEMO, HE'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT.
ARE YOU SUGGESTING I STOLE A MEMO?
YOU WORKING ROBBERY CASES, NOW, PHIL?
I THINK I SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING...
THAT'S NOT FUNNY, BOBBIE.
I DON'T THINK IT'S GOOD KARMA TO BE CRACKIN' WISE WHEN WE'RE ASKING YOU SERIOUS QUESTIONS.
AND IT SEEMS A LITTLE ODD, HOW LIGHTLY YOU'RE TAKING JACK'S MURDER.
I HAVE TO TAKE IT LIGHTLY, PHIL. GOTTA MAINTAIN MY REPUTATION AS A CAST-IRON BITCH.
WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME ANOTHER OF THOSE SERIOUS QUESTIONS?
WHEN YOU AND SMITHERS CHECKED OUT THE CRIME SCENE IN THE TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY, YOU ENCOUNTERED SOME MORE- UH, CRIMINALS THERE?
"CRIMINALS" SEEMS TOO SMALL A WORD FOR WHAT THEY WERE.
THE AXIOM FORENSIC SCIENTISTS WEREN'T ABLE TO COME UP WITH A WORD FOR THEM, EITHER.

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

PITT HAD CALLED THEM BOUNTY HUNTERS.
DISPATCH, WHERE'S OUR BACK-UP?
LATER, PITT TOLD ME THEY WERE SENT BY HIS ALIEN FATHER, ZOYVOD, TO TRACK HIM HERE ON EARTH.
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING IN SMITHERS' PAPER-WORK ABOUT THAT INCIDENT...
THE MEMORY OF THE ALIENS LINGERS AND TRANSFORMS INTO A NEW VARIATION ON THE CHILLER THRILLER IN MY HEAD.
JEEZEZ! TIE A KNOT IN IT!

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

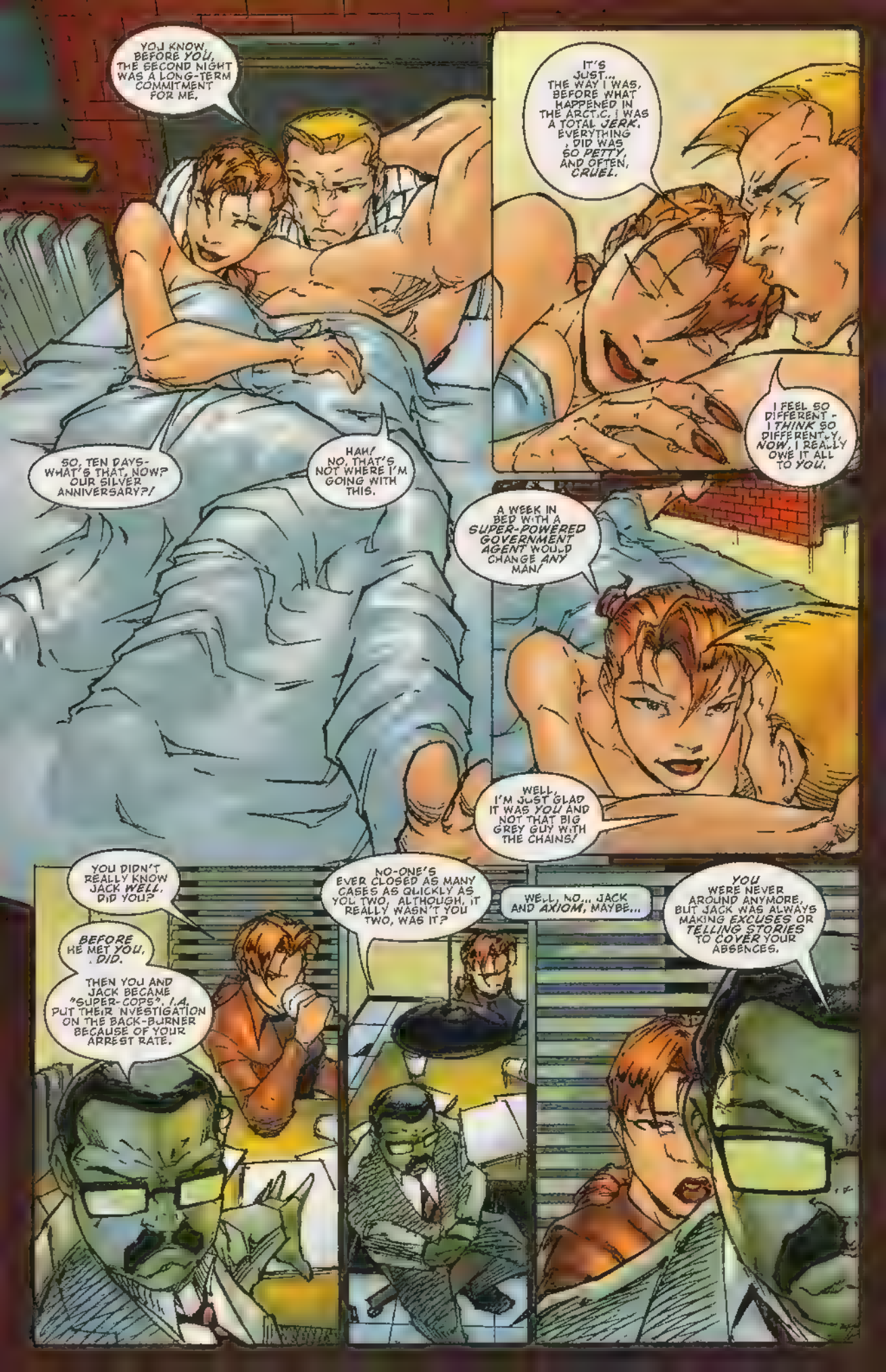
OH, MY GOD, WHY AM I DOING THIS TO MYSELF?
...AND YOU LIFTED A TWO-TON CEMENT BEAM OFF OF HIS LEGS ALL BY YOURSELF.
BOBBIE, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
I CAN RATIONALIZE ALL OF THIS AWAY- THE SHOCK OF JACK'S MURDER AND THIS STUPID Q&A HAS GOT ME SO RATTLED THAT I'M JUST --
- I'M JUST PRETTY MESSED UP.
HARRAS.
HARRAS!!
AHH!!
WHAT?
DID YOU LIFT A TWO-TON BEAM OFF SMITHERS' LEGS?
DO I LOOK LIKE I COULD LIFT A TWO-TON CEMENT BEAM?
YAH, I'D TOLD JACK I COULD DO IT BECAUSE OF A RUSH OF ADRENALINE FROM ALL THE STRESS.
I DON'T THINK HE BOUGHT IT.
WELL, LOOKS CAN BE DECIEVING.
SEEMS TO ME, LOOKS AREN'T THE ONLY DECIEVING PARTS OF YOU.

THAT'S IT!!
YOU TWO HAVE BEEN DANCING AROUND WHAT YOU REALLY WANT TO SAY FOR THE LAST THREE HOURS. YOU THINK YOU GOT SOMETHING ON ME THAT POPS ME INTO THE FRAME AS JACK'S KILLER.
I'VE ALWAYS HAD A TEMPER.
SO, SPILL YOUR THEORY OR I'M WALKING OUTTA HERE.
YOU WALK OUT THAT DOOR AND I'LL BUST YOU FOR OBSTRUCTION... AND RESISTING ARREST.
LAY A HAND ON ME AND I'LL BUST YOU IN HALF.
I CAN DO IT, TOO.
BOBBIE, PLEASE, JUST CALM DOWN.
GET HIM OUTTA HERE, WILL YA?!
STANK, GO COOL OFF!
BOBBIE, AFTER THE CEMENT BEAM INCIDENT, SMITHERS HAD COMPLAINED THAT YOU LEFT HIM AT THE EMERGENCY WARD WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION. TWO DAYS LATER, HE DISAPPEARED TOO, BUT SMITHERS NEVER DID TELL US WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. I THINK YOU WERE INVOLVED IN THAT.
WANNA TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T RECALL.
IF I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH, YOU'D THINK I WAS NUTS.

I'D HITCHED A RIDE WITH SOME HIGH-TECH KIDNAPPERS CALLED THE MILITIA, TO THEIR BASE IN THE ARCTIC.*
* ISSUE #7
THEY HAD NABBED A BOY NAMED TIMMY BRACKEN, BECAUSE- SOMEHOW- HE WAS PITT'S TWIN BROTHER AND HAD SOME SORT OF ENERGY-BEING TRAPPED INSIDE OF HIM.
THEY'D GRABBED JACK, TOO, BECAUSE THE BOUNTY-HUNTERS HAD IMPLANTED SOME NANOTECHNOLOGY IN HIM DURING OUR CONFRONTATION IN THE SUBWAY.
THAT IMPLANT PREPARED HIM TO BECOME THE VESSEL FOR THE CREED EMPEROR ZOYVOD'S MANIFESTATION HERE ON EARTH.
I HAD ENCOUNTERED ZOYVOD PREVIOUSLY- JUST AFTER HE'D EXTRUDED HIMSELF FROM THE NANOTECH-INFESTED CORPSE OF ONE OF THE BOUNTY-HUNTERS.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING AS EVIL, BEFORE, OR SINCE.
JACK WAS SCARRED MENTALLY AND SPIRITUALLY BY ZOYVOD'S MOLECULAR RAPE OF HIS DNA.
HE HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT THIS FOR MONTHS AFTERWARDS.
HE'D WAKE UP SCREAMING AND IT WOULD TAKE ALL MY FOCUS TO SOOTHE HIS CHI. I'D HOLD HIM FOR HOURS 'TIL HE'D STOP SHAKING.

I WOULD HAVE TRIED TO STOP THE ATTACK, BUT I WAS *OCCUPIED*! *WE ALL* ENDED UP BEING *SAVED* BY TIMMY. OR- MORE ACCURATELY, BY THE ENERGY-BEING, INSIDE OF HIM.
IT PUT AN END TO THE WHOLE OPERATION *BEFORE* ZOYVOD COULD *FULLY SUBJUGATE* JACK'S FLESH.
I SPENT THAT TIME WITH JACK, HELPING HIM RECOVER FROM ZOYVOD'S ASSAULT, AND WATCHING THE CHANGES IN HIS HEART. HE BECAME A NEW MAN.
THE *BOTH* OF YOU WERE *GONE* FOR NEARLY *TWO* WEEKS. THAT'S A LOT OF TIME TO *FORGET*, BOBBIE.
YOU DON'T RECALL? GREAT.

WHEN YOU GUYS CAME BACK EXPECTING US TO BUY YOUR HALF-ASSED COVER STORY, INTERNAL AFFAIRS TOOK AN INTEREST.
THEY LEARNED, LIKE STANK SAID, YOUR PERSONNEL FILES FROM CHICAGO AND L.A. WERE MISSING.
THEY ALSO CHECKED OUT YOUR EXTRAVAGANT PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. THE RENT'S PAID BY THE "DICTUM CORPORATION", A DUMMY COMPANY OWNED BY ANOTHER DUMMY COMPANY, ET CETERA, AD INFINITUM, AD NAUSEUM!
AFTER TALKING TO THE L.A. DETECTIVES, THEY ALSO DISCOVERED YOU WORKED HOMICIDE IN HOUSTON, KANSAS CITY AND BALTIMORE.
YOUR FINGERPRINTS AREN'T IN ANY DATABASE, THE SCHOOLS YOU LISTED HAVE NO RECORD OF YOU EVEN ENROLLING.
YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE, SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER-- ALL YOUR I.D.-- EXPERT FORGERIES OR REAL GOVERNMENT ISSUE, BUT STILL, ALL FAKE..
YOU'RE A SPOOK.
NOT LIKE CASPER, NO. YOU'RE NO FRIENDLY GHOST.
YOU DON'T EXIST.
YOU'RE A SPOOK LIKE C.I.A., MOSSAD, OR K.G.B.!
I THOUGHT THIS WAS WHERE HE WAS HEADED.
SO YOU THINK JACK FOUND OUT, WAS A SPY, AND MY MASTERS BACK IN MOSCOW ORDERED ME TO EXECUTE HIM. IS THAT IT?!
NO, I THINK YOU GOT HIM WORKING FOR YOU, AND HAD HIM BRAINWASHED DURING YOUR LOST TIME. HE BECAME YOUR TOOL.
PFFF! BRAIN-WASHED JACK? YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU COULDN'T PROVE IT EVEN IF IT WERE TRUE.
HE CHANGED WAY TOO MUCH AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE FOR ANYTHING ELSE TO HAVE HAPPENED.
HE HAD ALL THAT INSOMNIA FOR MONTHS AFTER, AND HE NO LONGER ACTED LIKE KING OF THE UNIVERSE OR DID HIS LAME FAT JOKES.
AND- HE WAS SUDDENLY, PATHETICALLY HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE WITH YOU!
WHAT?!
BEFORE YOU, THE SECOND NIGHT WAS A LONG TERM COMMITMENT, FOR JACK.


YOU KNOW, BEFORE YOU, THE SECOND NIGHT WAS A LONG-TERM COMMITMENT FOR ME.
SO, TEN DAYS- WHAT'S THAT, NOW? OUR SILVER ANNIVERSARY?!
HAH! NO, THAT'S NOT WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS.
IT'S JUST... THE WAY I WAS, BEFORE WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ARCTIC. I WAS A TOTAL JERK. EVERYTHING I DID WAS SO PETTY, AND OFTEN, CRUEL.
I FEEL SO DIFFERENT - I THINK SO DIFFERENTLY, NOW, I REALLY OWE IT ALL TO YOU.
A WEEK IN BED WITH A SUPER-POWERED GOVERNMENT AGENT WOULD CHANGE ANY MAN!
WELL, I'M JUST GLAD IT WAS YOU AND NOT THAT BIG GREY GUY WITH THE CHAINS!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY KNOW JACK WELL, DID YOU?
BEFORE HE MET YOU, I DID.
THEN YOU AND JACK BECAME "SUPER-COPS". I.A. PUT THEIR INVESTIGATION ON THE BACK-BURNER BECAUSE OF YOUR ARREST RATE.
NO-ONE'S EVER CLOSED AS MANY CASES AS QUICKLY AS YOU TWO, ALTHOUGH, IT REALLY WASN'T YOU TWO, WAS IT?
WELL, NO... JACK AND AXIOM, MAYBE...
YOU WERE NEVER AROUND ANYMORE, BUT JACK WAS ALWAYS MAKING EXCUSES OR TELLING STORIES TO COVER YOUR ABSENCES.

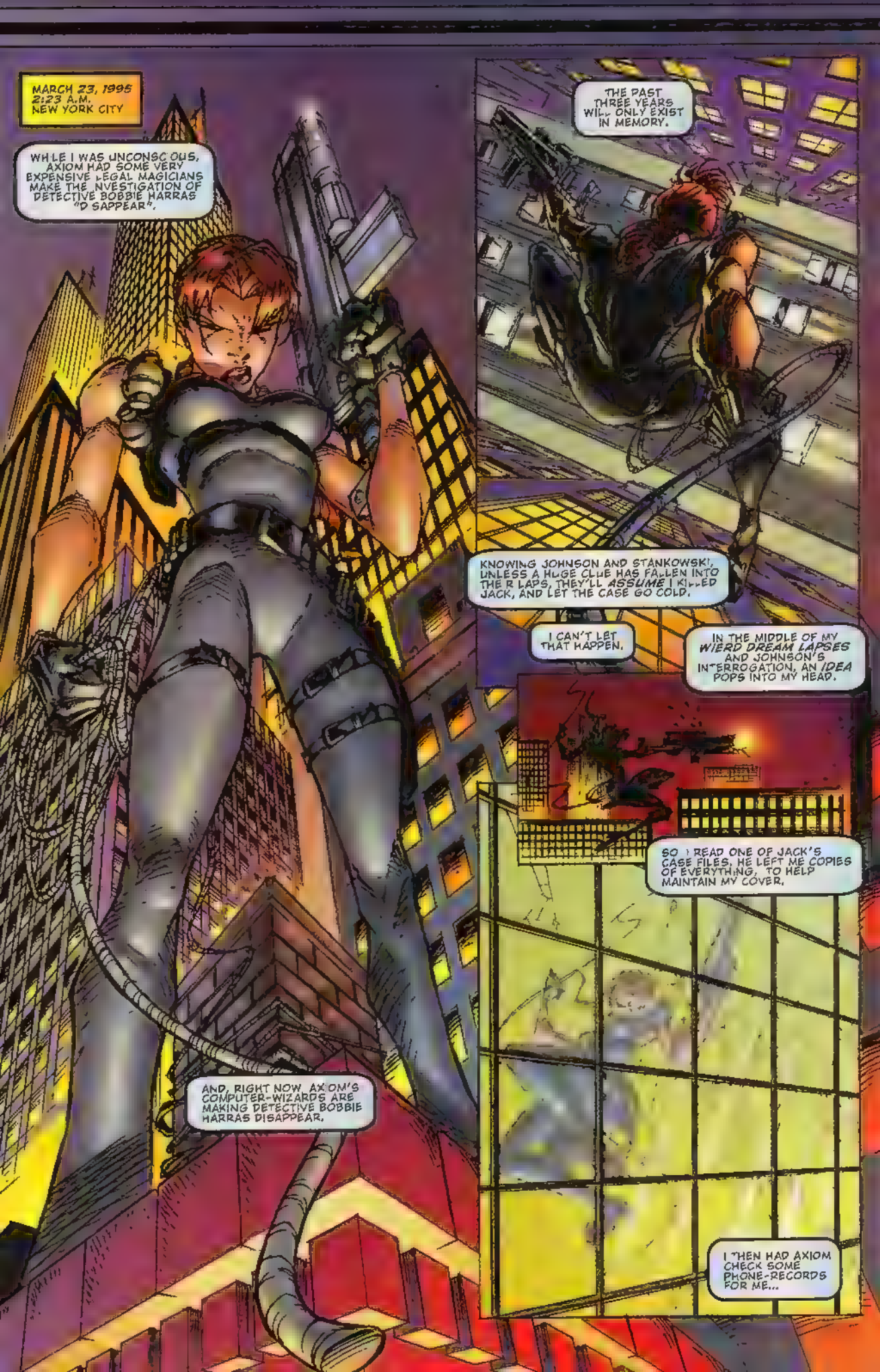
I HAVE A FEW EXAMPLES HERE.
THE SAINT JOHN CATHEDRAL HOMOCIDE-ROBBERY FROM '94...
HARRAS?
UH...SHE'S CHECKING OUT THIS PUNK'S KNOWN ASSOCIATES TO FIND OUT WHERE HE FENCED THE GOODS.
SO-- I RECOVERED ALL THE STUFF STOLEN FROM THE CHURCH!
NO, YOU DIDN'T. THE FENCE WAS ONE OF MY SNITCHES, AND HE NEVER SAW YOU... HE DID REMEMBER JACK, THOUGH.
THEN THERE'S THE MCKINNEY MEATS CASE...
SHE'S... GETTING THE PHONE RECORDS.
THOSE PHONE RECORDS DIDN'T ENTER THE EVIDENCE FILE TILL THREE DAYS LATER.
THEN THERE'S THAT SPREE KILLER, ARVELL, HE SHOT LAST WEEK...
I, UH... I THOUGHT THIS WAS A DEAD LEAD. I TOLD HARRAS I COULD HANDLE IT ON MY OWN TO TIE UP THE LOOSE ENDS.

INSTEAD OF WORKING A DESK UNTIL THE SHOOTING REVIEW-BOARD HAD CLEARED HIM, JACK TOOK A WEEK'S VACATION.
WHEN I NOTIFIED HIS FAMILY, JACK'S SISTER SAID HE WAS AT YOUR APARTMENT 'TIL FRIDAY NIGHT. THAT MAKES YOU THE LAST ONE TO HAVE SEEN HIM ALIVE.
WHAT HAPPENED FRIDAY? DID YOU FIGHT? DID HE FIND OUT SOMETHING HE SHOULDN'T HAVE?
DON'T RECALL.
BOBBIE, IF I WANTED TO SHOOT PEOPLE I WOULD'VE TRANSFERRED TO NARCOTICS.
62... 63...
THAT'S NOT IT. IN HOMICIDE, WHEN I SHOW UP AT THE SCENE, THE SHOOTING'S ALL OVER. IT'S JUST A PUZZLE TO SOLVE-- WHO DID IT, AND WHY. I COULD KEEP IT DISTANT, APART FROM MYSELF. THIS...
...76... 77... THIS WAS SELF-DEFENSE. I'VE KILLED BEFORE- I GOT OVER IT... 78... YOU WILL, TOO... UH...
YEAH, I'LL GET OVER IT EVENTUALLY, I KNOW.
IT'S SO.
SO... BUT? ...81...
66... YOU KILLED A KILLER, JACK, YOU DID SOME GOOD... 67...
BUT, I'VE WORKED HUNDREDS OF HOMICIDES. MOST OF THE TIME I HAVE TO MAKE THE TRIP TO NOTIFY THE FAMILY, OR STAND THERE AND WATCH WHEN WE HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE I.D. THE BODY.
I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH PAIN AND GRIEF, AND HOW IT TEARS AT THESE FAMILIES.
AND NOW I'VE CAUSED ARYELL'S FAMILY TO SUFFER ALL THAT.
FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS I'VE HUNTED AND CAUGHT KILLERS, AND NOW I'M A KILLER. IT JUST DOESN'T...
YOU TH NK THEY WOULD'VE BEEN HAPPIER IF THEIR SON WAS STILL OUT THERE KILLING... OR IF HE SHOT YOU?
NO.
BUT I'D BE HAPPIER IF SOMEBODY ELSE HAD TAKEN HIM DOWN.
I FEEL LIKE... AW, DAMN. I DON'T KNOW...

I SHOULD GO. I'M PARTICULARLY INARTICULATE TODAY, AND I THINK I'M SUFFERING FROM T.V. WITHDRAWAL!
HOW ABOUT I GET DRESSED AND WE GO OUT AND BUY ME A BIG SCREEN T.V. LIKE THE ONE IN YOUR APARTMENT?
OH, BEFORE I FORGET. TELL YOUR GUYS AT AXIOM THANKS FOR THE PROFILE AND DATA FILE ON ARVELL, BUT THEY WERE WRONG ABOUT HIS GIRLFIEND BEING AN ACCOMPLICE.
SHE'S GOT A.L.B.'S FOR EVERY SHOOTING. AND RIGHT BEFORE HE DIED, ARVELL HAD SAID HE WORKED ALONE.
O.K.. YOU GONNA BE ALRIGHT?
I'LL LIVE.
YOU DON'T WATCH T.V. AND BESIDES, WHERE WOULD YOU FIND THE ROOM FOR IT?!
YOU "DON'T RECALL", DAMN IT, BOBBIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WITH ALL THE SECRETS JACK WAS KEEPING AND ALL THE LIES HE TOLD, I WAS SURE YOU GOT HIM INVOLVED IN WHATEVER GOT HIM KILLED.
BUT, NOW I'M ASKING MYSELF IF YOU KILLED HIM.
I'M ASKING MYSELF THE SAME THING.
MAYBE LETTING JACK BE A PART OF MY LIFE DID GET HIM KILLED. MAYBE ALL THE FREAKISH THINGS I'M INVOLVED WITH SPILLED OVER INTO HIS LIFE...
THUD THUD
THUD THUD
JEEZEZ, TIE A KNOT IN IT...

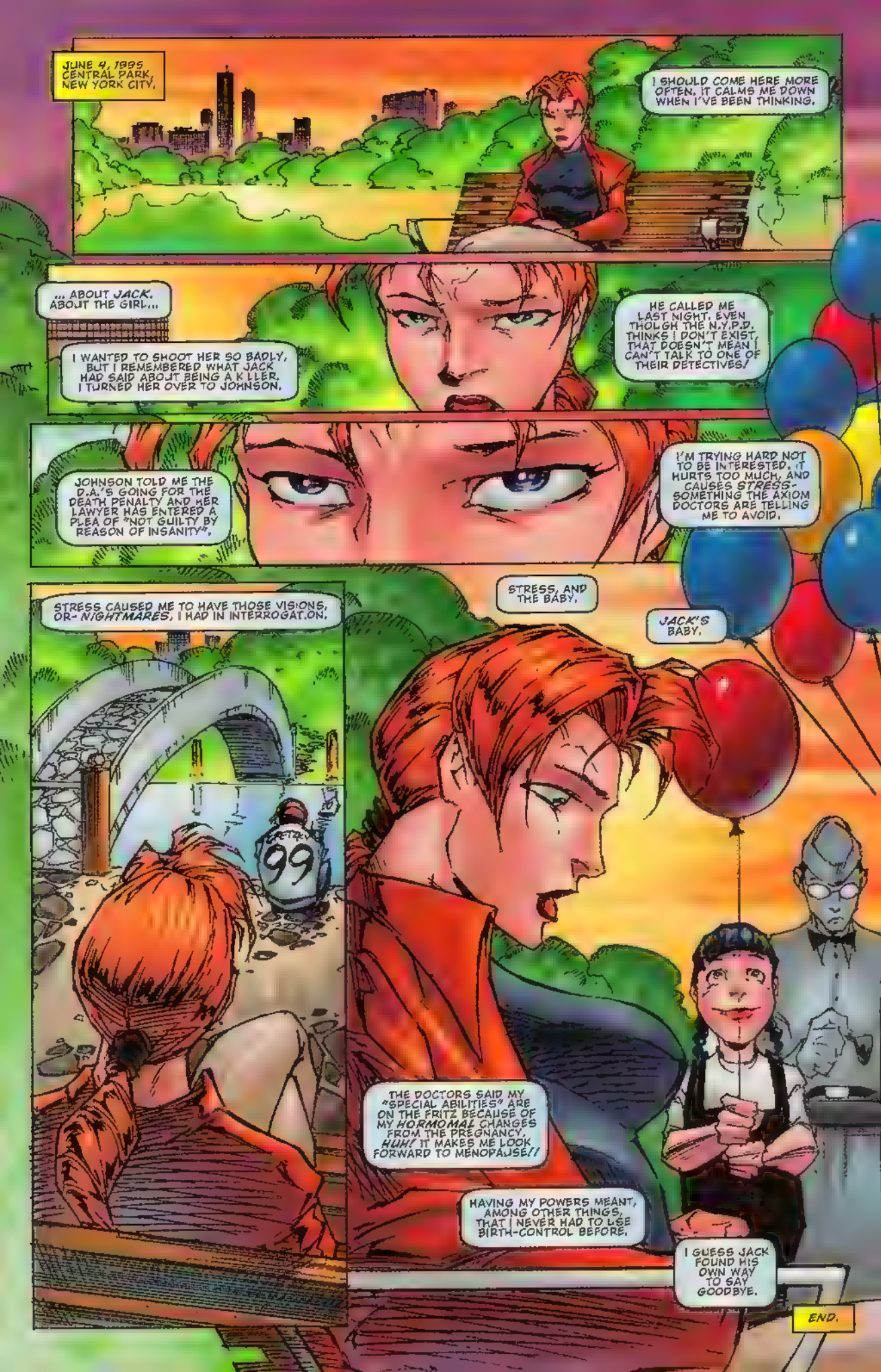
...AND MAYBE I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
UHHNN...
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE WHEN HE WORKED ALL THOSE CASES, EVEN THOUGH 'M NOT REALLY A COP!
ALL THIS HORROR IS CAUSED BY MY GUILT...
JEEEZEZ, TIE A KNOT IN IT...
THUD THUD
THUD THUD
AT LEAST THEN I MIGHT HAVE SOME IDEA AS TO WHAT HAPPENED.
A CLUE TO WHO KILLED HIM...

BOBBIE...?
AHHNN..
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...
I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM LEAVE...
I SHOULD HAVE...
THUD THUD
THUD THUD
JEEZEZ, TIE A KNOT IN IT...
CALL AN AMBULANCE!!
BOBBIE, ARE YOU ALRIGHT...


MARCH 23, 1995
2:23 A.M.
NEW YORK CITY
WHILE I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, AXIOM HAD SOME VERY EXPENSIVE LEGAL MAGICIANS MAKE THE INVESTIGATION OF DETECTIVE BOBBIE HARRAS "DISAPPEAR".
AND, RIGHT NOW, AXIOM'S COMPUTER-WIZARDS ARE MAKING DETECTIVE BOBBIE HARRAS DISAPPEAR.
THE PAST THREE YEARS WILL ONLY EXIST IN MEMORY.
KNOWING JOHNSON AND STANKOWSKI, UNLESS A HUGE CLUE HAS FALLEN INTO THEIR LAPS, THEY'LL *ASSUME* I KILLED JACK, AND LET THE CASE GO COLD.
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
IN THE MIDDLE OF MY *WIERD DREAM LAPSES* AND JOHNSON'S INTERROGATION, AN *IDEA* POPS INTO MY HEAD.
SO I READ ONE OF JACK'S CASE FILES. HE LEFT ME COPIES OF EVERYTHING, TO HELP MAINTAIN MY COVER.
I THEN HAD AXIOM CHECK SOME PHONE-RECORDS FOR ME...

AND I FOUND MY BREAKTHROUGH...
STABBED IN THE STOMACH ONCE. SHE WAS A LONG TIME DYING. MAYBE TWO OR THREE DAYS.
HER SISTER'S ONE NASTY--
OH. DAMN.
DEAD, THREE OR FOUR DAYS, BY THE SMELL.
THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE ANOTHER GIRL...

ARRRH!
AHH!
NO! NOUGCH!
THE GIRLFRIEND WAS INVOLVED.
JACK WAS WRONG ABOUT THE SPREE KILLER HE SHOT A WEEK AGO...
NO! NO! NO!!
UHH...
SHE *CALLED* HIM BEFORE AND AFTER EVERY KILLING HE DID.
SHE PUSHED THE GUY'S BUTTONS AND WANTED *ALL* THE *JUICY DETAILS* AFTERWARDS.
MURDER BY *PROXY*.
HE *KILLED* FOR *ME* BECAUSE HE *LOVED* ME...
IF THE KILLING *ENDS*, HIS *LOVE* WILL *DIE*...
WHAT?!!
UT--
NO, DON'T *STOP* ME! IT'S THE *ONLY WAY* TO KEEP HIM *ALIVE!*
YOU'RE *CRAZY!*
YOU DON'T KNOW! YOU *CAN'T* KNOW!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S *LIKE* - TO *LOSE* SOMEONE.

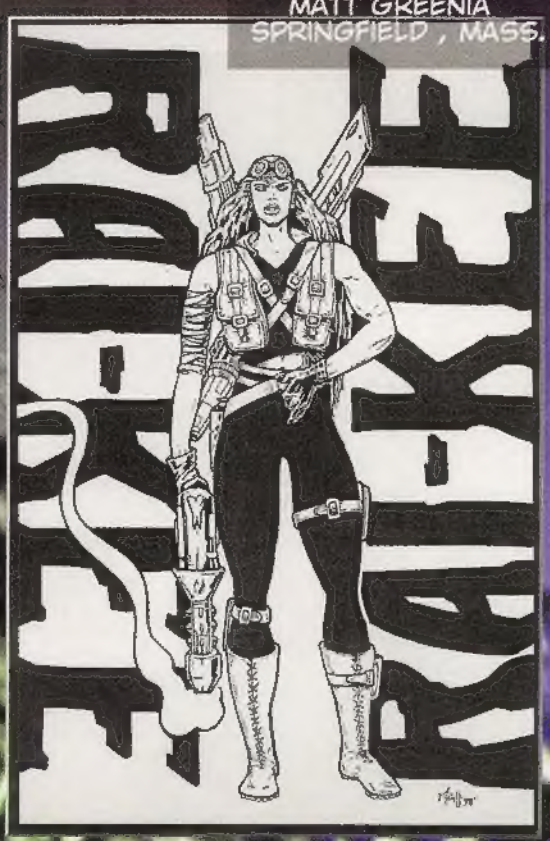

JUNE 4, 1995
CENTRAL PARK,
NEW YORK CITY.
I SHOULD COME HERE MORE OFTEN. IT CALMS ME DOWN WHEN I'VE BEEN THINKING.
... ABOUT JACK. ABOUT THE GIRL...
I WANTED TO SHOOT HER SO BADLY, BUT I REMEMBERED WHAT JACK HAD SAID ABOUT BEING A K LLER. I TURNED HER OVER TO JOHNSON.
HE CALLED ME LAST NIGHT. EVEN THOUGH THE N.Y.P.D. THINKS I DON'T EXIST, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T TALK TO ONE OF THEIR DETECTIVES!
JOHNSON TOLD ME THE D.A.'S GOING FOR THE DEATH PENALTY AND HER LAWYER HAS ENTERED A PLEA OF "NOT GUILTY BY REASON OF INSANITY".
I'M TRYING HARD NOT TO BE INTERESTED. IT HURTS TOO MUCH, AND CAUSES STRESS- SOMETHING THE AXIOM DOCTORS ARE TELLING ME TO AVOID.
STRESS CAUSED ME TO HAVE THOSE VISIONS, OR- NIGHTMARES, I HAD IN INTERROGAT.ON.
STRESS, AND THE BABY.
JACK'S BABY.
THE DOCTORS SAID MY "SPECIAL ABILITIES" ARE ON THE FRITZ BECAUSE OF MY HORMOMAL CHANGES FROM THE PREGNANCY. HUH! IT MAKES ME LOOK FORWARD TO MENOPAUSE!!
HAVING MY POWERS MEANT, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THAT I NEVER HAD TO USE BIRTH-CONTROL BEFORE.
I GUESS JACK FOUND HIS OWN WAY TO SAY GOODBYE.
END.

RIPPIN' ART

RUSSELL RICE
DYERSBURG, TN.

TRAVIS TURNER
ELGIN, IL.

MATT GREENIA
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



TODD MONK
TORONTO, ON.

BRIAN PROCTOR
RIVERDALE , GA

ANDREW DAVIS
LONDON , ENG

HAKAN TACAL
ISTANBUL , TURKEY.

CARSON GRUBAUGH
MODESTO , CA.

FULL BLEED™
STUDIOS

PITT #20

URGRAL THUL IS ITS NAME, AND IT WANTS MORE THAN PITT'S DEATH, IT WANTS HIS SOUL!

DECEMBER

ALSO AVAILABLE

THE 1999 PITT CALENDAR!!

ALL ART BY DALE KEOWN

FULL BLEED™ STUDIOS

PITT ™ & © 1998 Dale Keown. ALL ARTWORK © DALE KEOWN. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.